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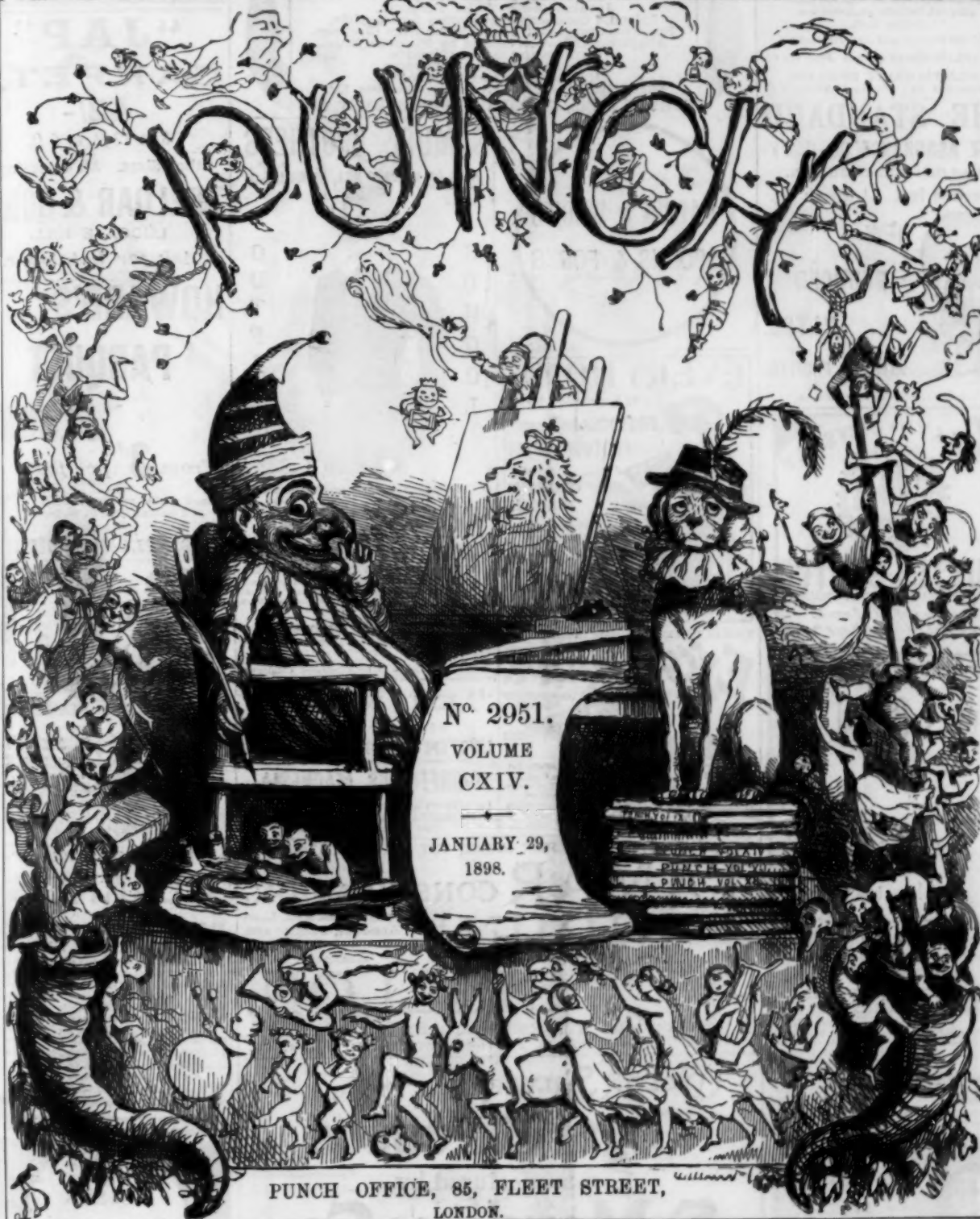
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THE PERSECUTED M.P.

Chorus of Vampires. **GIVE! GIVE!**"

"Lewis Carroll."

BORN 1832. DIED JANUARY 14, 1898.

LOVER of children! Fellow-heir with those
Of whom the imperishable kingdom is!
Beyond all dreaming now your spirit knows
The unimagined mysteries.

Darkly as in a glass our faces look
To read ourselves, if so we may, aright;
You, like the maiden in your faerie book—
You step beyond and see the light!

The heart you wore beneath your pedant's
cloak

Only to children's hearts you gave away;
Yet unaware in half the world you woke
The slumbering charm of childhood's day.

We older children, too, our loss lament,
We of the "Table Round," remembering
well

How he, our comrade, with his pencil lent
Your fancy's speech a firmer spell.

Master of rare woodcraft, by sympathy's
Sure touch he caught your visionary
gleams,

And made your fame, the dreamer's, one
with his,
The wise interpreter of dreams.

Farewell! But near our hearts we have
you yet,

Holding our heritage with loving hand,
Who may not follow where your feet are set
Upon the ways of Wonderland.

THE BIRMINGHAM CHURCH "SCRUBBING SERVICE."—When the scrubbers and cleaners were at work in the Church of St. Lawrence, the good vicar preached. He might have given a new translation of the text, "*Vigilate et orate*," as "*Wash and pray*."

"PUT THAT IN HIS PIPE," &c.—Chinese smokers would like to borrow any number of pounds of "*Loan Jack*," which is now their synonym for "*JOHN BULL*."



This isn't the "Bearded Lady" from Barnum's on her Sunday out; but it is simply the effect of the fashionable Medici Collar.



DISADVANTAGES OF PERFORMING AT A COUNTRY HOUSE IN THE WASP SEASON.

(Just in the most important passage, too.)

REGULATIONS FOR WAR CORRESPONDENTS.

(According to the Heated Imagination of some Specialists.)

No one but a combatant officer in full regimentals shall be allowed to follow an army in the field beyond the railway terminus at Southampton.

Should a special find himself at headquarters, he will report himself to the General commanding, and receive a bandage for his eyes, a gag for his mouth, and a pass to the dungeon situated under the nearest cell beneath the castle's moat.

Should a Pressman see the smoke of a distant battle, he will report that a chimney has taken alight, and the building to which it belonged was adequately insured.

A reporter will on no account be per-

mitted to use the telegraph wire for any message unconnected with his household affairs.

Should a victory be won by the British army, the officer commanding will collect the cream of the account into his own record, allowing the Press historian to come in three days later in the ruck of the private letter-writers.

War correspondents will be practically reminded that "copy" for the future is of "no account to nobody and nothing."

In conclusion, should patriotism be checked or curiosity baffled (alternative according to taste), then the Press had better follow an old precedent, and write their letters from Fleet Street.

MUSICAL FISH.—The Bass and the Deep C Oyster.



"MANY A TRUE WORD SPOKEN IN JEST."

"HULLO, OLD CHAP,—A NEW HORSE! WHERE DID YOU GET HIM?"

"PICKED HIM UP OUT OF A CAB IN LONDON STREETS."

"LONDON STREETS! H'M—HA! SHOULD BE ABLE TO GO THROUGH THE MUD, ANYHOW!"

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

NO. VIII.—TO MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

MY DEAR SIR,—Not very many years ago (I fail to remember the exact number) there was published in our beloved and friendly *Spectator* a review, eulogistic to the point of enthusiasm, of a little volume of soldier-stories which had lately seen the light of publication at, I think, Allahabad. In this review we were called upon to take note that a new literary force had manifested itself. Here, said the *Spectator* critic, is something absolutely fresh, direct and powerful, a series of tales in which the author goes straight to his point, grips the root of the matter with an unerring hand, and keeps his characters true to life throughout. He had, so the *Spectator* assured us, insight and uncommon dramatic power. What more could be desired? The jaded student of the literature of the day read this review in his usual otiose fashion. Had he not heard time and again similar announcements, discoveries of bright particular suns that were to shed a new brilliance and warmth on the dark arid places of the earth? And, lo, with a feeble twinkling they had risen and flickered back into the dismal gloom from which they had so lately emerged. This knowledge made us sceptical, and thus, when we read the article I have referred to, we shrugged our shoulders, smiled incredulously, and forgot—forgot everything, except the quaint, jagged, burlesque name of the *Spectator's* new-found author. Yet soon the *Spectator* was justified of its discovery. Throbbing and booming from India's coral strand the new force began to make itself felt, until with a rush and a roar the clouds burst, the thunder clattered, the daily and the weekly papers took up the reverberating echoes, and the products of RUDYARD KIPLING'S pen fell, thick as leaves in Vallombrosa, into the libraries and the railway book-stalls.

Men, wise men and critics, may sometimes be heard to marvel at the surprising welcome that was extended to you. Why, they ask, should this man have leapt at once into fame whilst others, his equals if not his superiors in art, lingered on obscurely in the

remote bye-paths? I think I know one reason at least. You came at one of those recurrent periods when great impulses have spent themselves, and some men, noting that all their famous ones have died or faded, begin to think that the last word in literature has been said. It is related of JOHN STUART MILL that—I was about to say, when he was young, but MILL was never young as other men are young—it is related of him that, at a comparatively early period of his old age, he was seriously perturbed as to the future of music. His mathematical mind suggested to him that, as there was only a certain fixed number of notes, it was demonstrable that these were capable of only a certain fixed number of permutations and combinations, and that therefore, within a period of time strictly limited, all possible tunes and variations would be exhausted, and the world would be left with no music but the stale airs of past generations. Ordinary mortals do not much trouble their heads with these speculations; we have rubbed along comfortably enough in the meantime with WAGNER, GOUNOD, VERDI, BRAHMS, TCHAIKOVSKI and others, and even the boy in the street now and then yells or whistles some fresh and original song of the music-halls. So, too, Lord KELVIN tells us that a fearful danger threatens creation, since, at our present rate of breathing, a few paltry hundreds of thousands of years will see all the oxygen in the air exhausted, while the shores of creation will be strewn with the corpses of those who will have died literally for want of breath. But in the meantime we breathe on and live unperturbed by these remote catastrophes. We waste no sorrow on them, unlike in this respect to the mastodons, of whom, as you may remember, Mrs. BROWNING wrote (I quote from memory):—

"It did not much
Console the race of mastodons to know
Their place would quicken with the elephant.
They were not elephants, but mastodons."

Yet, although most of us who were neither wise men nor critics did not speculate seriously upon the death or even upon the dearth of literature, we could not, at the time of which I speak,

but be affected to a certain extent by the dismal forebodings of those who said they knew. DICKENS and THACKERAY were dead, TENNYSON and BROWNING had done their work. Who was left? So the grey-beards shook their heads, and warned us to begin to read philosophy and prepare for our latter ends. And suddenly, trumpets sounding and drums beating and swords flashing, in marches RUDYARD KIPLING at the head of his scarlet-coated retinue, bringing with him the gunpowder-smoke and all the great barbarous primitive instincts of man delighting in battle. In a moment the face of things was changed. Now we knew that hitherto our lives had been blanks for want of British soldiers, and Indian battle-stories, and barracks, and mess-rooms, and cantonments, and swarthy cruel natives with snake hair and murderous knives, and regimental traditions. Pale, pigeon-breasted young men began to breathe fire, and refused to sleep o' nights unless they had swathed their dauntless bodies in a Union Jack, and surrounded their camp-bedsteads with a *chevaux-de-frise* of bayonets. How patriotic we were all going to be, and with what a scathing contempt did we intend for the future to look down upon Bengalees, and legislators, and commerce, and the puny, sickly people who lived in streets (we ourselves were mostly constrained not altogether unwillingly to live in streets, but what of that?), and how gallantly we all proposed to carry the name and fame of England into the remote parts of the earth over the shapeless, trampled bodies of myriads of foemen. Even Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN caught a belated little flame, and implored us, in the columns of the *Times* and at the Alhambra Music-hall, to hurry up, hurry up for pity to the help of Johannesburg. That phase has now passed; we have begun to realise that froth will not float our fleets, that bluster will not bring victory to our armies, and that quiet men who refuse to rave and spout have their use in the world; but something of solid advantage does, I think, remain to us in a quickened sense of the greatness of our motherland, and in a new sympathy for those who fight her battles. For that I believe you, Sir, are more nearly responsible even than Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. It matters not that you, the Tyrtæus of this warlike movement, should have had to confess that when assaulted by a raging relative you preferred to invoke the protection of the law before a humdrum justice of the peace, rather than to act according to the gospel of LEAROLD, MULVANEY and ORTHERIS. Men, when they read of this incident, smiled without malice, and realised that after all there was nothing else to be done under the circumstances.

Well, Sir, you have done great things on paper (I use the word without a hint of offence), and great things remain for you to do. You speak to us with a brutal directness, and we are forced to listen. In your stories there is no beating about the bush. What you want to say you know, and your meaning starts out clear, sharp and distinct before the eyes of the dullest of your readers. Those who have fed on the strong and generous fare you have furnished to them have no stomach afterwards for the sickly kickshaws of the analysts or the decadents. You help us to realise by means of manly characters that, when all is said and done, we too are men, men with passions and impulses and vices and virtues, and that we have the work of men to do in the world, if only we will leave off puling and complaining, and set our hands to something. Not even CARLYLE, that Hebrew prophet with the Germanic style, forced this truth home to his generation as powerfully as you have forced it upon yours in vigorous English and without preaching. And the gift of sympathy and manly tears is yours. Let those who doubt this read again your story, *Only a Subaltern*. There is a perfect little masterpiece without a mawkish sentence in it.

Henceforth, I think, your greatest work will be in verse. Not that I like "McAndrew's Hymn," with its inventory of engines and their fittings. But you have already written one of the most stirring ballads in our language, and, such is your command of moods and your apparently inexhaustible power of words and rhythm and fire and music, that I am confident that in poetry the triumphs that still remain to you will be won. May they be innumerable as the laughter of the sea. With that wish I end, and remain,
Your admirer, THE VAGRANT.

OUR NEW STATUS GROUP; OR, LADIES IN AN AWKWARD PRECIPITANT.—"BOADICEA and her daughters" are at the top of the steps leading down to the Westminster steam-boat pier. BOADICEA having lost her reins, with great presence of mind, is taking advantage of her horses attempting some of their old circus tricks, to hail a penny-steamboat, which, it is hoped, will soon come to her rescue.

WHY is an inclosure where sheep are kept like a *lulus natura*? Because it is a sheep fold'd.



NOT A PLEASANT WAY OF PUTTING IT.

Hostess. "I'M AFRAID WE ARE GOING TO BE A VERY SMALL PARTY TO-NIGHT. THE FOG SEEMS TO HAVE KEPT AWAY ALL OUR BEST PEOPLE!"

ELEVEN LITTLE REASONS WHY.

BECAUSE of course they play cricket in Australia all the year round.

Because it was too hot for anything, and of course the English team were unaccustomed to the heat.

Because there was a chapter of accidents from the first, and everyone had bad luck.

Because the coin never would come down the right side on the top, and consequently the British could not go in first.

Because the ground got hopelessly out of order by the time that the first innings of the Australians was over.

Because the constant travelling and occasional *feting* were enough to put everyone out of form.

Because there ought to have been more extra men to fill up the ranks on emergencies.

Because at least one admirable cricketer was left at home whose services on several occasions would have been invaluable.

Because the tea interval coming after the luncheon pause was confusing to the Mother Countrymen.

Because the glorious uncertainty of cricket is proverbial, and success may be deserved, but cannot on that account be always attained.

Lastly, and probably the right reason, because the other side had the better men.

TIDINESS.—Sir W. B. RICHMOND, R.A., pleads, and with good reason, for greater tidiness in our streets. But neatness in other things may also be advocated. Some gifted and artistic persons wear their hair very long, which some close-cropped persons, neither gifted nor artistic, might consider very untidy.

À propos of Spain and Cuba.

Our Intemperate Politician (after dinner, a long way, quoting SHAKESPEARE to his purpose). "What's (hie) Cuba to him or he to (hie) Cuba?"



"WHAT'S THAT BOOK YOU'RE READING, PAPA?"
 "THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII, MY PET."
 "WHAT DID HE DIE OF, PAPA?" "AN ERUPTION, DEAR."

THE AMALGAMATED NIBLICKS.

"The 'Nibs' are an association of the best-known professional writers of music-hall songs. They have banded themselves together for mutual protection."—*Daily Mail*.]

THE Society of Amalgamated Niblicks has the honour to present its Prospectus to the Artistic World. The gratifying success of Nibs, Limited, invites friendly competition. Our object, to be quite frank, is to cut them out. High work at low figures, but those *cash*, is our motto. We really have two mottos. The other one is—"Give me the making of a Nation's Songs, and I care not who makes her Laws"; or words to that effect.

A fraternal system of Co-operative Anonymity is our leading feature, though we do not disguise the fact that the Presidency of the Society is to be offered to

the Poet Laureate (late of the Alhambra). Taking a line from the Trades Unions, we intend that all members, skilled or not, shall compose for an equal number of hours a week, with or without results. On the Saturday they will draw the profits equally, waiving all invidious distinction. This pay should constitute, with luck, a living wage. Otherwise they must all perish simultaneously; or try something else.

That the Singing Public may have some conception of the *répertoire* which the Society has already amassed, we append a few suggestive samples of our stock. It will be understood that there are more to be had where these come from. The samples will be found to consist of choruses embodying the distinctive motifs of various types of song; though, as a fact, the regular verses, not here published, are in some cases of an even higher order of

merit. Along with the samples we offer one or two hints as to the class of performer best adapted for their interpretation. Its price is also assigned to each article.

SAMPLE I.—THE PATRIOTIC NATIONAL. (10s. 6d.)

This is suitable for a full-bodied basso. It can be sung during periods of foreign complication. Also when there are Jubilees going on; or Naval Reviews. Note the quiet humour underlying this fragment.

Then Hurrah! and again Hurrah!
 For the glorious British Tar!
 For Jack at the helm
 On our Ocean realm,
 Or drunk at the harbour-bar!
 And it's likewise three times three
 For the Ships of the QUEEN'S Navee!
 For they'll go anywhere,
 And they're always there,
 And that's where they ought to be!

SAMPLE II.—THE TOPO-POLITICAL. (8s. 0½d.)

To be delivered in a statesmanlike manner. The artiste should withdraw early in this kind of song if he finds himself out of harmony with the major portion of his audience.

While the KAISER's a-blowin' his trumpet,
 And Russia's a-lickin' her chops,
 There's a party would like us to lump it,
 And swallow humility slops;
 But BERESFORD—gosh! he's a nipper,
 He'll York 'em, you bet, an' no kid;
 He's the right little, tight little, skipper
 To scuttle their binnacle-lid!

SAMPLE III.—THE POPULAR SENTIMENTAL. (4s. 10d.)

A fine effect of contrast is produced if this song is put into the mouth of a well-known humorist. But your audience must be intelligent. Otherwise it might miss the true intention of this little gem. The success of the words must be judged by their power to touch the heart. One pocket-handkerchief in ten (free passes excluded) is a fair proportion.

Little DISY! pure young thing!
 'Ave they bin an' took yer, dorlin'?
 Where the blessed ingels sing
 Carnt I 'ear yer voice a-callin'?
 Just abart the dorn o' dy,
 Might 'a' bin a shide past seven,
 Little DISY fled awy
 Like a narrer strite to 'Eaven!

SAMPLE IV.—THE PATHO-ROMANTIC. (1s. 11½d.)

This is suitable for artistes not specially gifted with humour. The tenor that takes it should be able to command a tremolo; but he doesn't need to know anything of clog-dancing. It might be given early in the evening before the stalls arrive; or later on if the bar wants patronising.

Come, then, and let us part, love!
 Adown the aching years
 We two propose to start, love,
 On opposite careers!
 See where the aspens shiver,
 And poppies yearn with pain;
 For the mists are on the river,
 And the moon is on the wane!

Applicants for further samples are at liberty to enclose stamps; not necessarily for consumption, but as a proof of *bona fides*. We recommend the "Comic Sar-torial," the "General Domestic," the "Plaintive Marital" (for either sex), and the "Randy-Dandy" (for a perfect lady).



KEEPING HIM GOING.

COLONIAL JOE. "HOLD OUT TO THE END OF THE ROUND! I'VE GOT SOMETHING THAT'LL PUT THE LIFE INTO YOU!!"

[“The Chancellor of the Exchequer has consented to propose at the meeting of Parliament a very large grant in aid of the West Indies.”
Vide report of Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Liverpool, Times, January 19.]

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"ISN'T IT TIRESOME! I'VE JUST GOT A LOVELY NEW BICYCLE, AND NOW MY DOCTOR ABSOLUTELY FORBIDS ME TO CYCLE! WHAT WOULD YOU ADVISE ME TO DO?" "CHANGE YOUR DOCTOR."

LUDWIG IN LONDON.

LONDONBRITSCH.

HONOURED MISTER OVER-NEWSPAPERS-DIREKTOR.—In mein last Brief related i how the from Dover towards London coming Train at too Clock halted. Few Minutes earlier piped the Lokomotive, and we goed one Tunnel thro.

At the other Side all is dark. I see the Window out, but i see Nothings except nebulous, smoky Darkness. *Plötzlich*, sudden, hier i too Explosions, the old Lady call "Oh!" and the Train halt. *Was ist das? Ach so! Nebelsignale.* The Lokomotive pipe, and endly move the Train quite slow before. Few Minutes later again too Fogsignals. Again the Train halt. So go we, and each Foremoving is slower and shorter, and each Halt is longer.

I am fierful cold, fierful hungry, fierful thirsty. The old Lady sit quite still, ever nitting, and spiek no Word. The Germans spiek ever very willing and very mutsch. I wish to spiek in order Englisch to lern. I lern not willing the hateful, *hässliche*, englisch Spiech, but in every Commerceshaus must man she no. If i only spiek could, so were the Voyage not so fierful longwhily. But the old Lady see very *ungemütlich* out. If i only to Foot along one Railwaywaggonkorridor go could, so were i not so fierful cold. If i only smoke could, so were i not perhaps so fierful hungry. And i kan no Glas Bier drink. *Ach, verfluchtes England, verfluchtes Klima!* If i never komed were, if i only in Germany were! What for one Land, where man in the Train of Hunger, of Thirst, and of Coldness, dy kan!

The old Lady seek something in her Voyagepocket, *Reisetasche*. She bring one little silver, with the little englisch Sandwichs filled, Box, hierout, and she eat, ever quite still and her Tongue holding, and then shut she the Box, and nit again. She offer me no Sandwich. I am yet hungreyer. If i only the Misery of the englisch Railwayvoyage noed had, so had i Flaska Bier, Sausages, Bred, cold Flesh, Flaska Wein, and so farther, with-bringed. The old Woman is very still; she nit not. *Ach!* She sleep. If i only the Window shut could, then were i not so fierful cold. I stand up, i step quite careful, i have the Hand on the

Strap, when sudden the old Woman open the Is—*ach nein*, that reit man, *Eys*—and say, "Thank you, I prefer it open, the Weather is warm." *Donnerwetter!*

It is nau three quarter towards four, and we kom not at. It is four Hours since i something eated have, i have no Bier, no Wein drinked, i am quite week, i no not what to do. The Train halt ever frequenter, and the Darkness become nebulouser. The fresh, by the old Woman so willing breathed, Air is only smoke. I see absolute Nothings. *Selbst die alte Dame ist fast verschwunden*, self the old Dame is fast vanished.

Endly halt the Train, and man call "Londonbritsch." *Du lieber Himmel!* I snatch mein Things, i say to the old Woman, "Gud Evening, luckily Voyage," but she anser not—the Englanders are very uncourtly, they say not "*Mahlzeit!*" Mealtime, "*Glückliche Reise!*" and so farther—and i step out. One Packagecarryer kom, and say "Luggitsch?" "No," anser i, "Bier. The Refreshmentrestoration. Bier and Sausage." The *Ferron* is very dark. I follow him after, and endly kom i to the Buffett at. I kan not mein Wordbook see, but i wish to the *Kellnerin* quite courtly to spiek, and "*Fräulein!*" to say. That is the Diminutiv of *Frau*. What is the Littleingword of "Woman"? Ah, it give no Diminutivs in Englisch, so must i "little Woman," as "little Father" in Russisch, say.

"Beg, little Woman," say i, "ten Glas Bier." "Who are You calling little Woman?" say the *Buffettfräulein*. "It's like You! Impertinense. Get along with You." What, she send me forth? *Unmöglich, ich muss etwas Bier trinken!* "I go not, little Woman," say i, "i must something Bier drink." "Well," anser she, "it it's only Chaff." *Himmel!* "I wish no Chaff," call i, "i die of Thirst, i wish ten Glas Bier." "Well yours thirsty one an no Mistake," say she. "Stake," say i, "have you Beef-stakes?" *Sie verneint*, she negative. She say it are "Buns." *Was ist das?* Ah so, little Kakes. I drink six Glas Bier. *Ach, wie gut!* I eat one "Bun." *Oh, abscheulich!* Then kom the Packagecarryer and say again, "Luggitsch?" "No," say i, "Bier." Then drink i yet ten Glas Bier, and wish Sausages to eat. *Es sind keine*, it are no. So must i yet one miserabel "Bun" eat, and then kom the Packagecarryer, and say again, "Luggitsch?" "No," say i, angry, "Bier." Then drink i yet threeteen Glas, and endly am i ready.

I kindle one Cigar at, and i go out. It is yet nebulouser, but i find him, and i say, "I wish no Luggitsch, bring You to me one *Droschke*, one Onespanner, and seek You mein Package." I give to him the *Gepäckschein*. He spiek mutsch, and endly understand i that mein Package is not there; it is in *Tascher-ringross*. "Better teikekeb, Maunsiyah," say he. "Teikekeb," say i, "what is that?" "Kerritsch, Maunsiyah," say he. I no not what to do. Mein Package is losed, i see Nothings, of the Fog on account, i have Nothings eated, and the Voyage is not yet to End. *Oh, verfluchte Reise!* If i never komed were! I shall to You again reit. Highattentionsfull humblest

LUDWIG.

Answers to Correspondents.

NEOPHYTE.—An epic poem in 247 verses would of course be the very thing for publication in *Punch*, if there happened at any given time to be space for it. Many thanks for offer.



"THE DREYFUS 'SCAPEGOAT.'"

(After—a long way—Holman Hunt's celebrated Picture.)

MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

(With acknowledgments as before. See Punch Number for January 15, p. 22.)



This Animal is always trying to balance things with a little over to one side. It is very nice and plainspoken. It comes up to every front door just to see how you are getting on and get a little something in the pound - It lives on beer and tobacco and tinkackes.



This odd little salt water Animal is very good at sums and gets on pretty well with the Eastimists. But if you ask him anything very difficult he runs under the gallery to get the answer. When strikes is on he is very kind and doesn't expect no ships finished - he looks the other way.



This little Animal is very honest and likes to fight. It has a very big voice on both sides - wherever it likes. It likes to get on a waggon in the Park and call out about wealth and capuchins and things. It sounds better out of doors.

SONGS FOR THE NATION.

"Songs, more songs, and let the laws go hang!"
Goshe or Gatty.

I CANNOT help thinking that the modern "love"-song is behind the times. My effort, which I send you, is a conscientious attempt to rise to the height of the sublimely ridiculous.

MY OWN MOAN.

(A Lay of Love.)

Angel! the moon doth afflict me with madness,
Sorrowing, sighing, I'm yearning for thee;
Mine are the joys that are centred in sadness,
I groan over lunch and I weep in my tea.
Thou art a seraph, a birdie, a ducky,
I am an abject, unspeakable clown;
Star of my heart! I shall think myself lucky
If I may kiss but the hem of thy gown.

Refrain.

Mona, my own love,
Hark to my moan, love,
Lend me thine ear while I swear I will sigh for thee,
Laugh for thee, cry for thee,
Live for thee, die for thee,
Quip for thee, quirk for thee,
Fight with the Turk for thee,
Do all but work for thee,
Ah-h-h!

[To be gurgled, so as to express inexpressible emotion.

Here on the beach I appeal to the billows,
(Sing to me, Sea, of the charms of my love!)

Thousands are lying at rest on their pillows,
I can but rave to the moon that's above.
Oh! let me fly, with a lover's devotion,
Till at her feet I sink gracefully down;
Swear I will fling myself into the ocean,
If I may kiss but the hem of her gown.



This gentle Creature is very kind and winsome so everybody likes it. It has a wonderful brain and knows a lot. When it sees a Artiss about it folds up and tries to look like part of the Bado. It is almost a sin to make its picture.

SOME FRUIT FROM "THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE."—A propos of The Tree of Knowledge at the St. James's, Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER writes to say, that by the time it is withdrawn, "it will have run a hundred and thirty nights," and will have brought to the management and the author "a large profit." Delighted! If we possessed such a tree, we should let it go on growing and producing still more fruit. As a piece, why "take it off"—unless to burlesque it?

UNDER PROPER CONTROL.

["GERTRUDE BESSY AMOS, fifteen months old, described as 'of no home and no occupation,' was charged at Southwark on Saturday with not being under proper control."—Daily News.]

IMPOSSIBLE! Monstrous! Appalling!
This dangerous infant at large,
Pursuing her desperate calling,
And left under nobody's charge!
Who knows what designs she's conceiving
In the sinister depths of her soul?
Ye gods! It is past all believing!
Not, not under proper control!

How long has this terrible stranger
Escaped from her prison and chains?
How long has this horrible danger
Infested our alleys and lanes?
She's terrorised London, it may be,
For months in her murderous rôle—
Quick! Quick! Lose no time! Get the
Baby

At once under proper control.

Up, constables! Take your position!
Draw staves and prepare for the fray!
Up! marshal the Southwark division,
And bid them be heroes to-day!
Come, courage! Let nothing appal you,
And charge, O thou mounted patrol!
'Tis your QUEEN and your Country that
call you!
Get the Babe under proper control!

"O Woman! in our hours of ease."

Miss Cærulea Cackleton (who has insisted upon joining the whist party, and already revoked twice). Now, my dear Major, if you could only see my hand! I've no trumps, and no picture cards! Don't you think we'd better give them the game?

[And the Major, with a fist full of good things, only relieved his feelings by swearing to himself.



Farmer. "I SAY, JOHN, WHAT DO YOU CALL A PINEAPPLE—A FRUIT OR A VEGETABLE?"

Waiter. "A PINEAPPLE HAIN'T NEITHER, GENTLEMEN. A PINEAPPLE IS ALWAYS A HEXTRA!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Daniel, just issued from BLACKWOOD'S Press, Mr. BLACKMORE calls "A Romance of Surrey." The scene opens in Surrey, and there dwells awhile, providing opportunity for some of those sketches of country folk and country scenes which the author knows so well how to present. Towards the end the reader is transported to the frosty Caucasus, which probably Mr. BLACKMORE never left his market-garden to gaze upon, but which he makes delightfully clear in its rugged grandeur. He tries a new flight by making his story chiefly revolve round a group of Caucasians, most of whom are exceedingly tall and of surpassing beauty, whilst some are phenomenally wicked. The narrative of the pursuit of the wicked *Queen Marva*, and the fight which rescues her brother from her feline grasp, is told in a manner worthy of the historian of *Lorna Doone*. But on the whole my Baronite is not warmly drawn towards the Caucasians, preferring Mr. BLACKMORE when he dwells among his own people. Happily, a few are to be found among the foreign element of *Daniel*.

It is not without a thrill of perhaps wicked excitement that a critic (who has, of course, "failed in Literature") comes upon a book written by a publisher. It is true that Mr. MARSTON issuing his charming little volume, *On a Sunshine Holiday*, retains his pen name, *The Amateur Angler*. But the veil of anonymity is exceedingly thin, and only the modesty inherent in a publisher counsels its retention. My Baronite frankly confesses that there is here no opening for paying off imagined scores by scathing criticism. Mr. MARSTON not only conveys the reader into pleasant pathways by field and river, but discourses of things by the way, from the lesser spotted woodpecker to Stonehenge, in charming fashion. Nothing is pleasanter in the book (of course published by SAMPSON LOW; no others need apply to E. MARSTON) than the dedication to "My dear DOROTHY," which in its delicate humour has the flavour of the elder essayists.

Mr. OSCAR BROWNING appropriately brings out his life of *Peter the Great* (HUTCHINSON) at a time when Sir HENRY IRVING at the Lyceum has stirred afresh human interest in that marvellous man. O. B., with the judicial manner, not to say the frigidity, of a college Don, is by no means carried away by admiration, surprise, or indignation at the various episodes in

PETER's grandly-mad career. Some people would say the style of treatment is a little woodeny. But the theme is so stupendous that no collegiate coldness can prevent it from bubbling up even in these severely-placid pages. There are several interesting portraits and some sound information in the work. It also suggests to my Baronite how much the world has lost since neither KINGLAKE nor MACAULAY took PETER and the birth of modern Russia for his theme. THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE EVANGELIUM.

THE *Gefion* has had to tow

The *Deutschland* towards the Chinaman;

Such progress seems extremely slow

For that which bears so fine a man

As HEINRICH, far from dumb, though dumm,

To preach that *Evangelium*.

FIT FOR THE FLEET.

BELAY THERE, MESSENGER PUNCH!

I see, Sir, that some association or other—I think they call themselves the Ship Society, or the Boating Body, or something—have been offering a reward of five pounds, or, may be, more, for an essay on the Navy. They want, if I read them right—and, strike me with a marling-spike, there's so many of these sort of things nowadays, and they are all speaking at once—to improve the Navy. Why not? What cheer, right it is, Sir!

But belay there, and ease her, turn her astern and stop her! I can tell the Ship Society or whatever they be, Sir, how to increase our fleet in the twinkling of a penny steamboat's compass. Why not use the fleet laid up off the piers? They have nothing to do in the Winter. Because why? Because the British public, which is never too partial to the London river, hates the sight of the Thames in Winter. What cheer, then? Why it is. Right you are!

Put the penny-boats in commission as auxiliaries to the fleet during the Winter. Then if a war breaks out in the summer they can still be used, as no one will want to go to Hampton Court, far less Nine Elms, when the old flag of England is braving the battle and the breeze.

Yours patriotically,
BATTERSEA BILL THE BO'SUN.



SPELLING REFORM IN THE WEST COUNTRY.

Squire. "HULLO, FARMER! WHAT D'YOU MEAN BY THAT!"

Farmer. "THAT'S JUST TO WARN 'EM AS THERE'S WIRE. AIN'T IT 'RIGHT?"

HEARTS AND HOLMES AT THE GLOBE.

Rosemary at the Criterion showed how an elderly gentleman fell in love with his youthful ward, and made the mistake of thinking that this young girl had fallen in love with him. He was soon *déillusionné* by the object of his affection coming to him for his consent to her marriage with a good youth of her own age. In *A Bachelor's Romance*, an elderly man, a kindly literary recluse, falls in love with his ward, and she with him, proving the genuineness of her sentiment by refusing to marry a young man of "her time o' life." It is a pretty comedy, which Miss MARTHA MORTON might have told to greater advantage in three acts instead of four. The fourth act, however, has in it more movement than the preceding three, and the final scene, very happily contrived, brings down the curtain on a thoroughly satisfactory climax.

In *David Holmes*, Mr. JOHN HARE has one of those delightful middle-aged parts in which he is "just perfect." His geniality, his soft-heartedness, his uprightness, his quick-temper, and his readiness for self-sacrifice, endear *David Holmes* to the spectator, and gain for him the entire audience as his personal friends.

Mr. GILBERT HARE's make-up and performance of the old clerk, a kind of *Tom Pinch*, is most artistic. The authoress ought to have made more of this character, a remark, by the way, that applies to everyone throughout the play. All the characters are too sketchy. In only one thing do I venture to doubt the judgment of Mr. GILBERT HARE and the authoress, either or both, and that is, in the third act, where the joviality of *David Holmes* sets heavy Mr. Mulberry (well-represented by Mr. JAMES LEIGH) and over-boisterous young Mr. Savage (Mr. FRANK GILLMORE) singing and dancing, in which they are ultimately joined by feeble old broken-down *Martin Beggs*. Far more effective would his bye-play be were he dumbfounded at witnessing this exhibition of forced boyishness (as one who was seeing something strange in a vision, and realising it as a fact), and were he to be utterly overcome by the self-consciousness of his own inability to share in this exuberance of animal spirits. However, as it is, the song and dance of the quartette "goes" immensely, as surprises, brought in naturally, will always do on the stage. Mr. FREDERICK KERN's portrayal of a Ne'er-do-well-till-he-does-better sort of man is excellent; and Miss MAY HARVEY, Miss ORAM, Miss SUSIE VAUGHAN, are all "as good as they make 'em." Miss NELLIE THORNE, as Sylvia, is a charming ingénue, but "so good," "so nice," "so simple," as to be almost an im-

HAMLET AT A MATINÉE.

(By our Special Reporter.)

["Ladies, I implore you, don't wear large hats."
Mr. Forbes Robertson, at Birmingham.]

Nothing could be finer than the scenery, so far as I could judge. I frankly confess that, instead of the ramparts, I saw one lady's picture-hat, and lost half of the graveyard act, thanks to the *chapeau à la Française*.

And now for the acting. Mr. THREESTARS would have been admirable as the Prince, if he had been visible. And like praise would be the due, no doubt, of the charming exponent of *Ophelia*. But neither the Prince of Denmark nor his sometime fiancée were *en évidence*. It was believed that they were both shouting in the distance, shut out by huge toques and gigantic bonnets.

So I bring my notice to a conclusion, with the hope that some day female head-dresses, like children in arms, will not be admitted. When that blessed hour arrives the critic will see his Shakespeare once more, conscious of the fact that the fair sex are no longer selfish, but have returned to their rightful garb and their proper senses.

AXIOM BY OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE (evidently at large).—They say "*Le jeu ne vaut pas la Chandelle*." It seems to me that it all depends whether the candle be burnt at both ends! Mine is.

Monte Carlo. January 20, 1898.

possible "young person," until the last act, when she suddenly develops into a sensible young woman, who not only knows her own mind, but gives two or three of them a bit of it. Altogether a very pretty, if not a very strong, play; memorable for the finished performance of Mr. GILBERT HARE, and of Mr. JOHN HARE as *David Holmes*, "*Holmes, Sweet Holmes!*"

AN APPEAL TO CÆSAR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see that Mr. BEERBOHM TREE has been writing a lot about JULIUS CÆSAR—how he comes to think of such clever things I'm sure I can't tell—on the occasion of the Shakspearian revival at Her Majesty's. Well, of course, it's awfully good and learned of him. But I really wish he wouldn't. I hate having my fixed ideas shaken, and my fixed idea about old JULIUS is, that he came to England B.C. 55 to eat oysters and to write a book to worry the lives out of the lower school.

Yours sincerely, SMITH MINOR.

Fourth Form.

GOING WITH THE TIMES.—Every Englishman is becoming accustomed to see the "u" treated as superfluous in many words. The American system is to rid the English vocabulary of superfluities. But it is, we fancy, quite a novelty to see "*parsimonious*" spelt, as it was in a leader and in a law report in the *Times*, "*parcimonious*." Undoubtedly its Latin derivative hath it with a "c"; but according to NUTTALL, CICERO (Kikero or Sisero?) spells the substantive "*parsimonia*." Which is it to be? Shall we write "*asumber*" or "*kukumber*"? If "c" before "i" is to be hard, then "city" becomes "kity." Well; we are nearing the end of the kentyury, and so let every kivilian spel as best pleseth him. "The old order changeth, giving plase to new."

FAINNE AU LAR.—This is a new contemporary, published in Dublin. We are very glad to see the name, though we cannot say it. The nearest we can get is FANNY A. LEE, but this sounds more like the name of a lady than of a newspaper.

SIR HERBERT KITCHENER'S GREATEST CHANCE.—A *Soudan* victory without any press.

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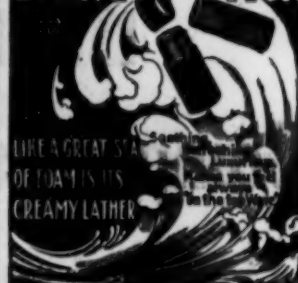
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